DAREDEVIL 100

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Though Attorney Matt Murdock is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness* -- his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle. With amazing fighting skills, he stalks the streets at night in relentless pursuit of justice as...

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

PREVIOUSLY IN DAREDEVIL...
Matt thought his life was finally back on track. He cleared his name, resumed his law practice, and reunited with his wife Milla. But it was all a house of cards.

Mr. Fear, the man responsible for the Gladiator's psychotic break and the rash of violent crime tearing through Hell's Kitchen, has been plotting revenge on Matt for a long time. Now he's led Daredevil into a trap, just as he reveals that he's gotten to Milla, Matt's wife. What Matt doesn't know is that Milla has been drugged just like the Gladiator was, and has gone into a psychotic rage.

Now Mr. Fear and his henchmen, the Enforcers, hold a frantic and battered Daredevil in their clutches...

WITHOUT FEAR PART ONE OF SIX

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It's not supposed to be like this.
My streets--Daredevil's streets--are supposed to be safe.

Hell's Kitchen should be under control...
...not igniting in chaos and murder.
GROCERY
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

I fought so hard to get it all back...to get my life back...

...to keep it safe...

...it's not supposed to be like this. Drugged by a madman. A college acquaintance who has never gotten over his old grudge...
Larry Cranston, now calling himself Mister Fear.
IT'S YOUR ARROGANCE THAT DOES IT, MATT.
AS IF YOU SOMEHOW DESERVE A BETTER LIFE THAN EVERYONE AROUND YOU.
BUT YOU DO NOTHING TO PROTECT IT...
...WHAT...WHAT DID YOU DO... LARRY? WHAT DID YOU DO TO--
SMAK
NO! THIS ISN'T QUESTION AND ANSWER TIME!
THIS IS ABOUT YOU AND YOUR SPECIAL HEARING LISTENING TO ME...
...FINALLY.

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD JUST HAVE IT ALL BACK...
THEY EXPOSE YOU IN THE PAPERS... THROW YOU IN PRISON...
...TAKE AWAY EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS TO YOU.
AND YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST ACT LIKE NONE OF IT EVER HAPPENED?
I MEAN, DO YOU EVEN REALIZE HOW ARROGANT THAT IS?
...LARRY... PLEASE... LISTEN TO ME...
LIKE THE WORLD WILL JUST RIGHT ITSELF FOR MATT MURDOCK...JUST BECAUSE...
WHILE I'M OUT THERE, TEACHING AT EMPIRE STATE...NOT EVEN USING MY REAL NAME. THEY CALLED ME HAROLD.
DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I HATE THAT NAME?
BUT MATT MURDOCK...OH, HE'S GETTING IT ALL BACK... HIS LAW PRACTICE...
...HIS WIFE.
... WHAT DID YOU DO... WHAT DID YOU DO TO MILLA?

--DO YOU UNDERSTAND THESE RIGHTS AS THEY'VE BEEN READ TO YOU, MA'AM?
FOGGY...?
SHE HAS *REPRESENTATION*, OFFICERS!
↑ Exit

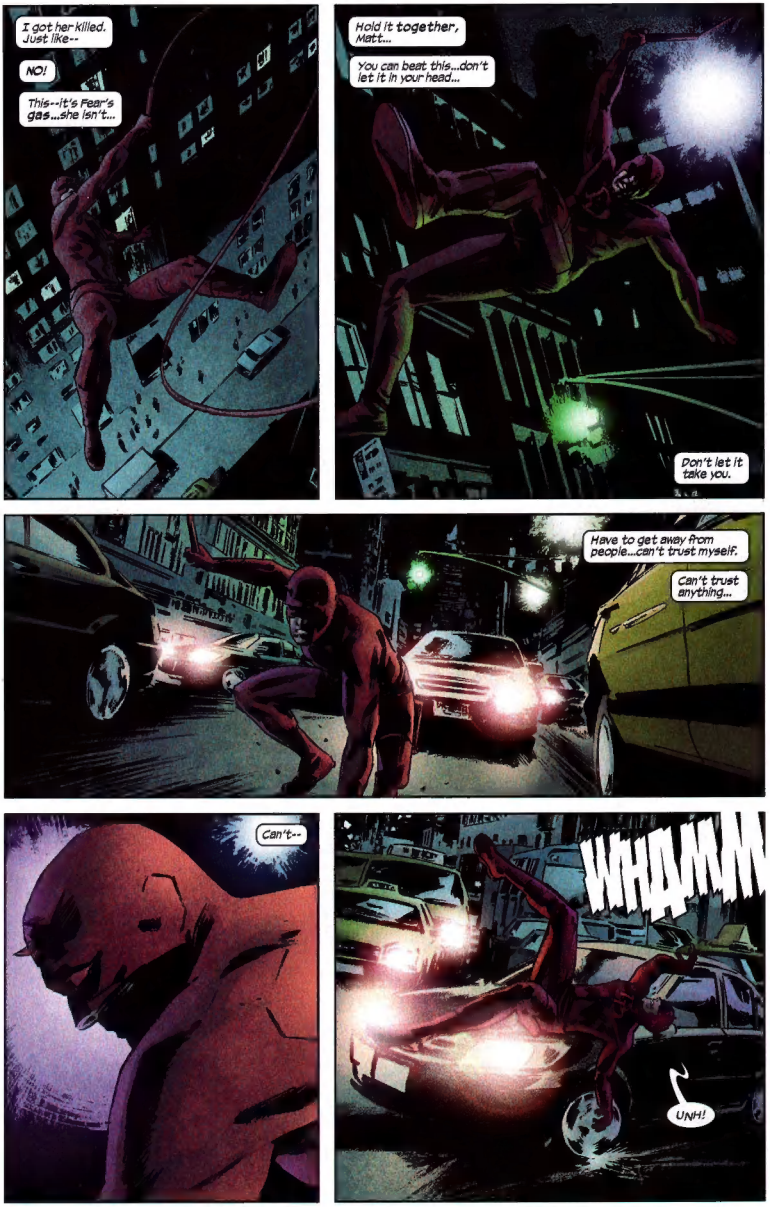
SHE'S *NOT* TO BE QUESTIONED AT ALL!
YEAH. WE HEARD YA THE FIRST THREE TIMES...
...BUT IT DON'T CHANGE A *MURDER CHARGE*.

FOGGY...WHAT'S *HAPPENING?*
I'LL BE *RIGHT* BEHIND YOU, MILLA...JUST DON'T SAY *ANYTHING*...

SHE TRIED TO *KILL ME*. IT'S LIKE SHE'S LOST HER MIND.
JUST--*SHUT UP*, OKAY? I CAN'T...I CAN'T THINK AROUND YOU.

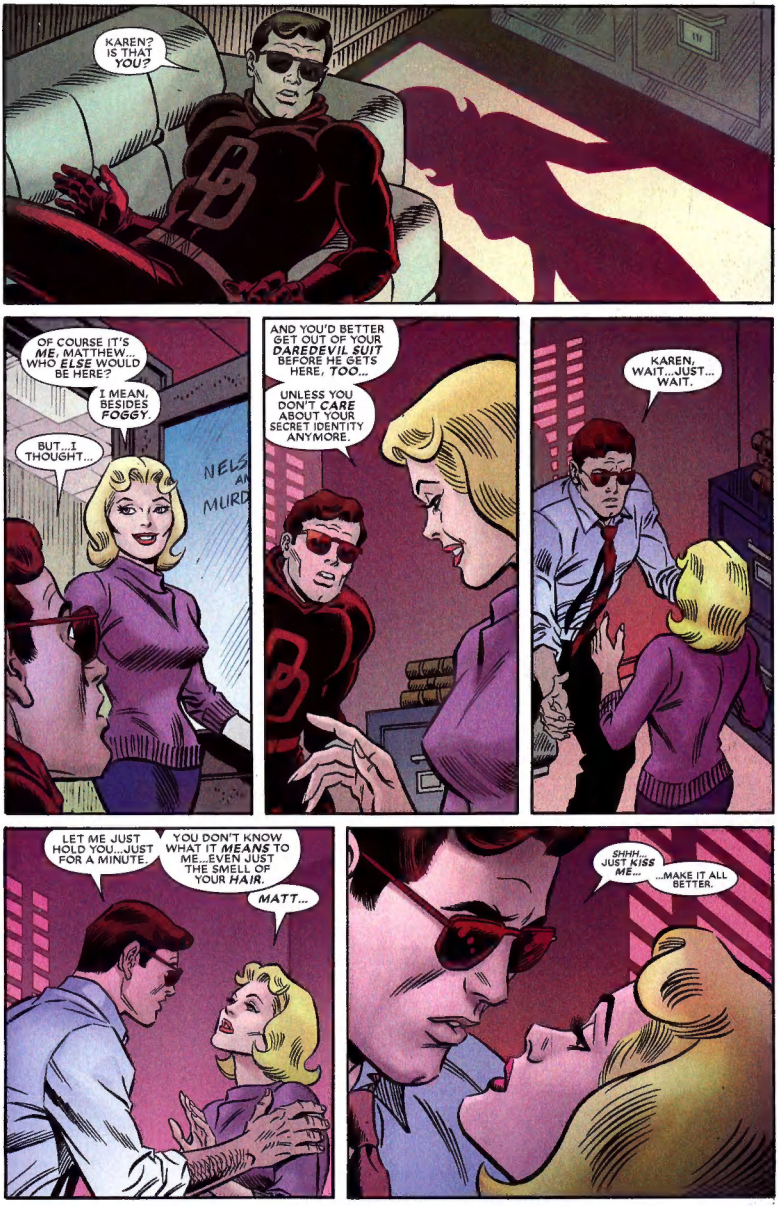
...ANSWER YOUR CELL... DAMN IT...
COME ON, MATT...WHERE *ARE* YOU?

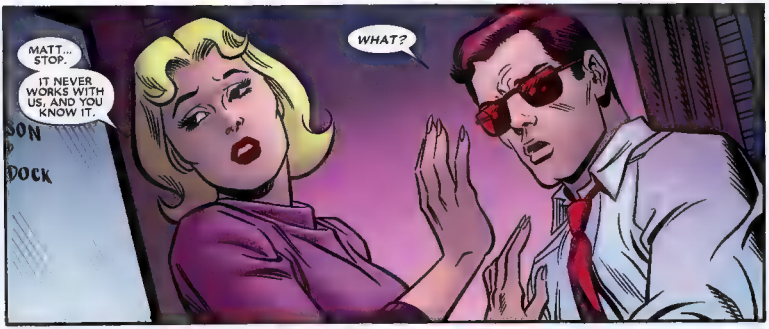
BUT IT TURNS OUT I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE AT ESU BEING UNDERESTIMATED...
SO THOSE YEARS WEREN'T WASTED...NOT AT ALL.
WHAT DID YOU DO, LARRY?!
LIKE I SAID... NO ANSWERS FOR YOU, NOT HERE.
INSTEAD, LET'S SEE HOW YOUR SPECIAL SENSES LIKE MY NEW, IMPROVED GAS...
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE REALLY AFRAID OF, MATT...
-UKK!--- NO!
LET'S SEE WHAT'S HIDING INSIDE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
GET RID OF HIM, OX.
-HAKK!- -HAKK!- -UKK!-
SURE THING, BOSS... HE CAN GO OUT THE WAY HE CAME IN...
NO!

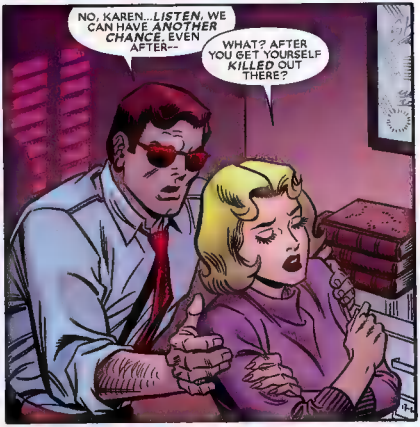

I got her killed. Just like--
NO!
This--it's Fear's gas...she isn't...
Hold it together, Matt...
You can beat this...don't let it in your head...
Don't let it take you.
Have to get away from people...can't trust myself.
Can't trust anything...
Can't--
WHAMM
UNH!

WHAT THE HELL? IS THAT REALLY *HIM?*
HE'S IN *BAD SHAPE* IF IT IS...
...GET AWAY...GET AWAY FROM ME...
OH MY GOD! ARE YOU OKAY? I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
GET AWAY FROM ME--*NOW!*
AHH!
YOU READY FOR A *PROMOTION?*
WE SHOULD... WE SHOULD HELP HIM...
SCREW *THAT* NOISE...
HEY--*DAREDEVIL!*
KEEP THOSE HANDS WHERE WE CAN *SEE THEM!*

...PLEASE... JUST STOP HITTING ME...
Oh, God...No.
STAY BACK!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
Have to move...get away from crowds...
No...damn it... get control...
Get control...
Get...
KRRAASH!!
GET AWAY...
HEY? ARE YOU HURT, BABY?
DO YOU NEED HELP?
That voice...

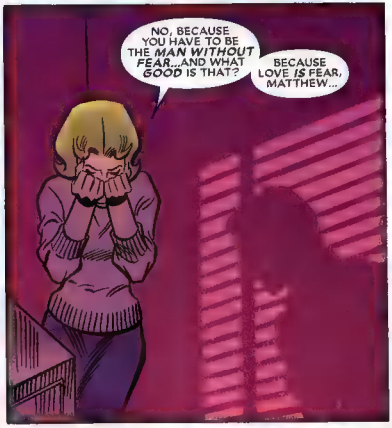

KAREN? IS THAT YOU?
OF COURSE IT'S ME, MATTHEW... WHO ELSE WOULD BE HERE?
I MEAN, BESIDES FOGGY.
BUT...I THOUGHT...
AND YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF YOUR DAREDEVIL SUIT BEFORE HE GETS HERE, TOO...
UNLESS YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR SECRET IDENTITY ANYMORE.
KAREN, WAIT...JUST... WAIT.
LET ME JUST HOLD YOU...JUST FOR A MINUTE.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO ME...EVEN JUST THE SMELL OF YOUR HAIR.
MATT...
SHHH... JUST KISS ME...
...MAKE IT ALL BETTER.


MATT... STOP.
IT NEVER WORKS WITH US, AND YOU KNOW IT.
WHAT?


NO, KAREN...*LISTEN*, WE CAN HAVE *ANOTHER CHANCE*. EVEN AFTER--
WHAT? AFTER YOU GET YOURSELF *KILLED* OUT THERE?

YOU JUST DON'T GET IT...I LOVED YOU, I *ALWAYS* LOVED YOU...
BUT YOU WERE TOO SCARED TO EVER *REALLY* LOVE ME.

TOO SCARED OF WHAT IT WOULD *DO* TO YOU TO *REALLY* HOLD SOMEONE'S HEART IN YOUR HANDS...
WAIT...NO... THAT'S NOT... RIGHT...I *DO* LOVE YOU.


NO, BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO BE THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*...AND WHAT *GOOD* IS THAT?
BECAUSE LOVE *IS* FEAR, MATTHEW...

NO... DON'T SAY THAT...
STOP PAWIN' AT ME, DAMN YA.
WAS JUST TRYIN' A'HELP... NOT LOOKIN' TO GET MARRIED.
WHAT?
But...Karen was...right--
THERE HE IS! GET HIM!
YOU HEARD THE MAN!
MAKE DAREDEVIL HURT, AN' WE GET A LIFETIME SUPPLY!
YEAAAHH!
HEY...NO FAIR.
GET THE CAR, ASSWIPE.

Have to get home...have to--
--but which home? Where--?
Salt in the air... can taste it.
Cable-cars grinding up the hills...
And what--who's that moving my way?

MATT! LOOK OUT!
The Black Widow.
NATASHA?!
AHH!
SSKRAKKK

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, MATT? IS YOUR RADAR MALFUNCTIONING?
YOU COULD'VE GOTTEN YOURSELF KILLED.
'TASHA...I DON'T KNOW... IT'S ALL WRONG.
SAN FRANCISCO... YOU AND ME... IT'S WRONG...
...ALL WRONG...
YOU NEVER STOP BEATING YOURSELF UP, DO YOU? YOU NEVER STOP.
I SPENT EVERY PENNY I HAD TO GIVE US A FIGHTING CHANCE OUT HERE, BUT...
NO...IT'S NOT THAT... LISTEN TO ME.
WE COULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY TOGETHER, MATT... BUT I'M NEVER MORE THAN THE REBOUND GIRL, AM I?
SO BRAVE IN A FIGHT, YET SUCH A COWARD WHEN SOMEONE TRIES TO TOUCH YOU...TO REALLY TOUCH YOU.
IT'S SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT.
NO! NATASHA--- WAIT! THAT'S NOT---

WHY ARE YOU HERE?
TO TORTURE YOU, MATT, AS *ALWAYS*...TO TWIST THE KNIFE.
WHY ELSE *WOULD* I BE HERE?
NOT BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME?
MAYBE THAT'S *WHY* I DO IT.
DIDN'T YOU EVER WONDER, THOUGH, WHY YOU CAN NEVER SEEM TO *LET GO* OF ME?
WHAT *IS IT* YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF?
I'M NOT AFRAID OF *ANYTHING!*
THEN WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS CLINGING *SO DESPERATELY* TO THE *PAST?*
DAMN IT! DON'T *RUN AWAY!*
YOU'RE *ALWAYS* RUNNING FROM ME!

Clinging to the past... that's not right.
BOXING
FORUM
Tuesday OCT 8
MATTY
JACK MUDOCK
VS
THE FIXER
ROSS VS. ESAD RISIC
BORDEN VS. UPSHAW
The past clings to me.
It won't let me go.
DAREDEVIL... DAREDEVIL...
LOOKA' LITTLE MATTY DAREDEVIL...
WHAT A WUSS!
HEY MISTER... DO YOU NEED HELP WITH THE--
I CAN CROSS THE STREET JUST FINE ON MY OWN, YOUNG MAN...
I'VE ONLY BEEN DOING THIS SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.
222-2500
HEY...?

MILLA--NO!
WATCH OUT!
WHAT--
SKKREEEEEEEH!
--KID SAVED THAT MAN'S LIFE!
--SOMETHING STRUCK HIS FACE--IS IT RADIOACTIVE?
SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!
WHY... WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LEAVE ME ANYWAY... YOU KNOW IT.
YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST STAYED AWAY FROM THE BEGINNING.
NO. I MARRIED YOU. THIS IS DIFFERENT...
IT'S OKAY, MATT. DON'T BE SCARED... JUST ADMIT IT. YOU KNOW IT CAN NEVER WORK.
THAT MASK YOU WEAR ALWAYS COMES FIRST...THE MASK AND WHY YOU WEAR IT.
BLIND PERSONS CROSSING
MILLA, NO... YOU SAVED MY LIFE. MADE ME SANE AGAIN... I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU.
I JUST...
--STRUCK HIS FACE!
--IS IT SOMETHING RADIOACTIVE?
...JUST WAIT RIGHT HERE...
SOMEONE HAS TO HELP THIS KID.
WHATTA YOU THINK YER DOIN'?!
GET HIM!
HEY-- STOP!
KRAKK

--TOLD YOU HE HAD TO COME DOWN SOMETIME!
UHH!
HELL, HE'S PRACTICALLY ■ONE ALREADY...
ALMOST FELL RIGHT OFF THAT ROOF.
...NO...HELP THE BOY...HE NEEDS... HELP...
SMAK
AKK--
LETTING HIM HIT YOU? IN HIS SHAPE?
COME ON!
KRAK
PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!
WASTE 'IM!

SMAX
UHN!
COME ON, MATT...YOU CAN DO BETTER'N THAT.
DON'T YOU GOT ANY FIGHT LEFT IN YA?
...DAD?
AW, DON'T LET THAT STOP YA... HIT ME BACK, BOY. DON'T BE AFRAID TO HURT ME.
I'M INDESTRUCTIBLE!
DAD...NO... NO, YOU AREN'T...
YEAH, I AM... 'CAUSE IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME, MATT...
...BUT YOU... YOU STILL GOT A WHOLE LIFE AHEAD.

I kept tabs on him over the years. Clearly not often enough...
...But I know where Cranston is supposed to live, even though it's outside the Kitchen.

My radar is picking up one person inside, on the top floor.
About the right size.

But...this is too easy.
He can't be stupid enough to think he's already won this... and what does he think about me?

That I'm arrogant.

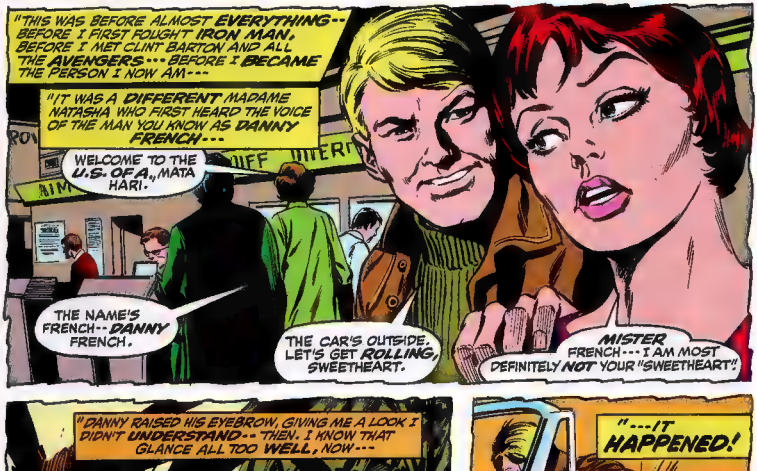
I hear the click of the detonator in time...
BEEP
..but only just.
KA-WHOOOM

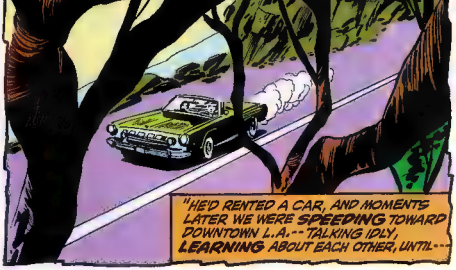
HIS ARM JERKS OUT--- FINGERS BRUSH--AND THEN, THE WIDOW TUMBLES AWAY, HER EBON-SUITED BODY TWISTING--- HER HANDS FLAILING, LEGS SPINNING---
TASHA!
SHE FROZE UP--- COULDN'T MAKE THE EXTRA EFFORT NEEDED TO COMPLETE THE SWING!
SOMETHING ABOUT HER HEART-BEAT--- RUSHING, PANICKY! SHE'S TERRIFIED!
I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT--- PUSH AWAY FROM THE FLAG-POLE, TRY TO GRAB HER BEFORE IT'S--- TOO LATE!
EEEEE

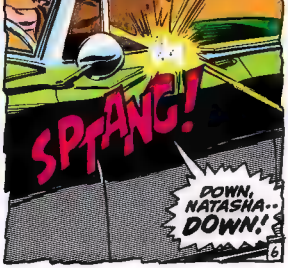
---AND CLOSE!
HOLD TIGHT, WIDOW-LADY---
---'CAUSE NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU---
--I'M GONNA TRY TO KEEP YOU!
MATT, I'M FRIGHTENED --I--I CAN'T EXPLAIN--
-- BUT I'M TERRIBLY--HORRIBLY AFRAID!
HHHHTTTCLICK
YEAH, WELL--I'D KINDA GATHERED THAT.
EASY, GIRL--- EASY! JUST WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND MY WAIST.
THIS IS WHAT YA CALL--YOUR "FRIENDLY-MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR-SKYWAY-TAXI-SERVICE!"
OR SOME-THING!
PLEASE, MATT--- I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO CHEER ME, TO TAKE MY MIND OFF WHAT JUST HAPPENED---
--- BUT PLEASE, DON'T... I--- I CAN'T TAKE IT, RIGHT NOW!
OKAY, HONEY. YOU'RE CALLING THE SHOTS!
TALK WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE IT--- AND WHEN YOU DO---
TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE!
I-- I JUST WISH I KNEW, MATT!
4

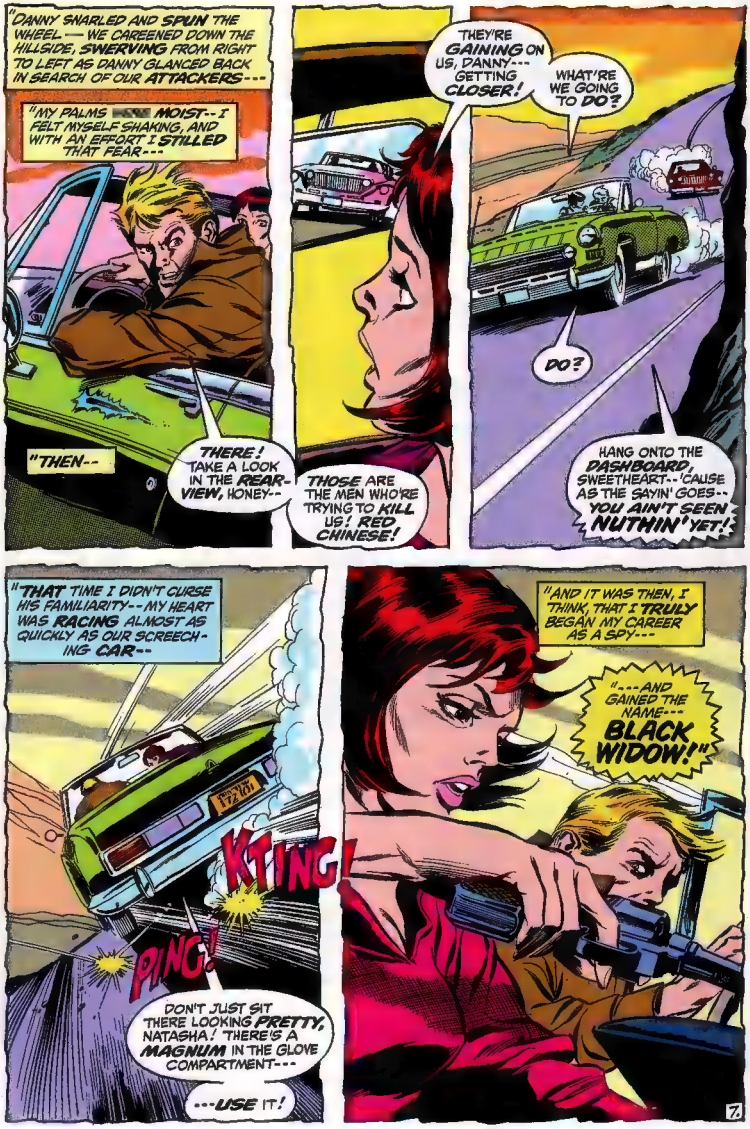
SAY, LOOK, PRINCESS--- I'M SORRY I---
WE'VE ALL BEEN A LITTLE TENSE, IVE.
LET'S LET IT GO--- AND LISTEN TO WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY.
THANKS, MATT. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN---

"---EXCEPT WHERE IT ALL REALLY STARTED, IN A LOS ANGELES AIRPORT---IN 1964---
"MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT AS A SPY---AND MEN, THE LADY SCARED---


"THIS WAS BEFORE ALMOST EVERYTHING--- BEFORE I FIRST FOUGHT IRON MAN, BEFORE I MET CLINT BARTON AND ALL THE AVENGERS---BEFORE I BECAME THE PERSON I NOW AM---
"IT WAS A DIFFERENT MADAME NATASHA WHO FIRST HEARD THE VOICE OF THE MAN YOU KNOW AS DANNY FRENCH---
WELCOME TO THE U.S. OF A., MATA HARI.
THE NAME'S FRENCH--DANNY FRENCH.
THE CAR'S OUTSIDE. LET'S GET ROLLING, SWEETHEART.
MISTER FRENCH---I AM MOST DEFINITELY NOT YOUR "SWEETHEART"!


"DANNY RAISED HIS EYEBROW, GIVING ME A LOOK I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--THEN. I KNOW THAT GLANCE ALL TOO WELL, NOW---
"HE'D RENTED A CAR, AND MOMENTS LATER WE WERE SPEEDING TOWARD DOWNTOWN L.A.--TALKING IDLY, LEARNING ABOUT EACH OTHER, UNTIL---

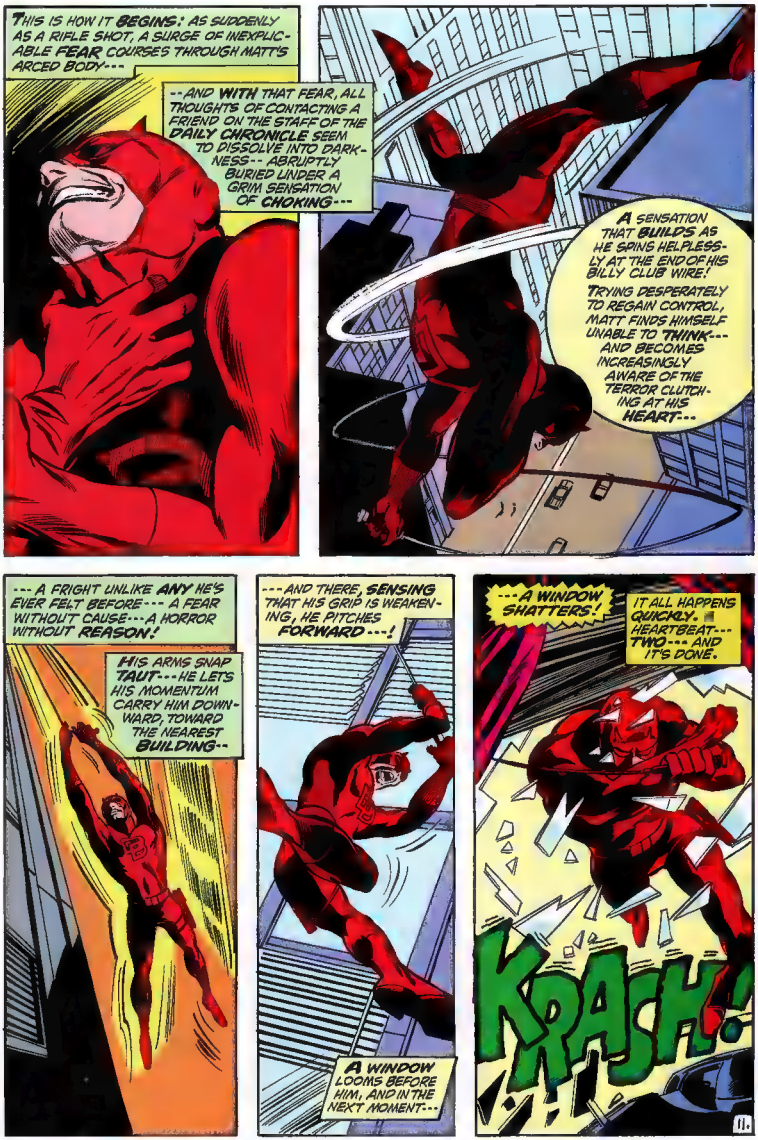

"---IT HAPPENED!
SPTANG!
DOWN, NATASHA--DOWN!
6


"DANNY SNARLED AND SPUN THE WHEEL — WE CAREENED DOWN THE HILLSIDE, SWERVING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT AS DANNY GLANCED BACK IN SEARCH OF OUR ATTACKERS---
"MY PALMS [redacted] MOIST-- I FELT MYSELF SHAKING, AND WITH AN EFFORT I STILLED THAT FEAR---
"THEN--
THERE! TAKE A LOOK IN THE REAR-VIEW, HONEY--
THEY'RE GAINING ON US, DANNY--- GETTING CLOSER!
THOSE ARE THE MEN WHO'RE TRYING TO KILL US! RED CHINESE!
WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO?
DO?
HANG ONTO THE DASHBOARD, SWEETHEART--'CAUSE AS THE SAYIN' GOES-- YOU AIN'T SEEN NUTHIN' YET!
"THAT TIME I DIDN'T CURSE HIS FAMILIARITY--MY HEART WAS RACING ALMOST AS QUICKLY AS OUR SCREECHING CAR--
KTING!
PING!
DON'T JUST SIT THERE LOOKING PRETTY, NATASHA! THERE'S A MAGNUM IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT---
---USE IT!
"AND IT WAS THEN, I THINK, THAT I TRULY BEGAN MY CAREER AS A SPY---
"---AND GAINED THE NAME--- BLACK WIDOW!"

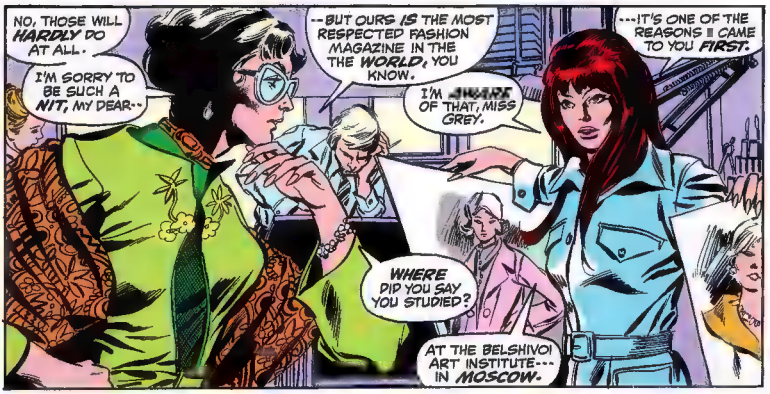
PTOW!
KBAM
SCREEEEEEEEEE
EEEE
CHOOM!
I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO DIE--- BUT THEY LOST CONTROL OF THEIR CAR--
---JUST AS I SEEM TO HAVE LOST CONTROL ---OF MY LIFE!
TASHA! IS THAT IT? EVERY-THING?
NO, MATT--- THERE'S MORE. BUT---
---I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW!
TRUST ME, MATT. OKAY?
BUZZZZZ
CATCH HOLD OF YOUR-SELF, NATASHA.
IVAN--- COULD YOU SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR?
TASHA, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE NOT ACTING LIKE YOUR-SELF---NOT AT ALL.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, MATT.
I'M--AFRAID. AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT.
8

MATT, IT'S THAT GUY WHO PHONED YOU YESTERDAY.
---AND HE'S BROUGHT ALONG A FRIEND.
LARRY CRANSTON. HE MUST WANT ME TO JOIN HIS FIRM BADLY---
BUT WAIT--- THAT SECOND HEARTBEAT---
---WHAT'S LARRY SAYING?
--- MEET JASON SLOAN, MATT.
HE'S THE SENIOR PARTNER IN THE FIRM. MR. SLOAN IS---
I BELIEVE MURDOCK AND I HAVE HEARD OF EACH OTHER, CRANSTON---
---SO THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SO FORMAL.
PERHAPS, MR. SLOAN.
IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING TO WORK WITH A MAN OF YOUR REPUTATION.
—YET, THAT'S NOT ALL. I CAN ALMOST SENSE AN AURA ENCLOSING SLOAN---
WELCOME TO SAN FRANCISCO, MR. MURDOCK. I HOPE WE'LL BE--- SEEING MORE OF EACH OTHER.
THERE. NOW I'VE GOT IT--- SOMETHING I USED TO FEEL BEFORE---
--- WHEN I FIRST MET MEN LIKE THE OWL--- OR EVEN KILLGRAVE.
IT'S AS THOUGH MY MIND RECEIVED A DOUBLE IMAGE, ONE FROM MY SENSES--- THE OTHER FROM MY INSTINCTS!
THIS MAN SLOAN--- HE PLAYS WITH PEOPLE AS THOUGH THEY WERE PUPPETS---
HE USES THEM--- MANIPULATES THEM--- JUST AS HE WANTS TO USE ME.
9.

YOU SEE, MATT--- WE'RE REALLY EAGER TO HAVE YOU WITH US.
WHEN I TOLD JASON I'D KNOWN YOU IN COLLEGE---
---WELL, YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH---
EXCUSE ME, CRANSTON.
I'M SURE MR. MURDOCK HAS MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.
MR. SLOAN, I JUST MEANT TO---
LATER, LARRY. GO START THE CAR, WILL YOU?
I'M SORRY IF WE'VE INTRUDED, MR. MURDOCK. PERHAPS WE'LL HAVE DINNER SOME EVENING--?
YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY---?
MATT, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM.
---THERE'S SOMETHING SO--- EPIC ABOUT THE WAY HE MOVES--- ABOUT HIS EYES.
TASHA, IN MY OWN WAY--- I "SAW."
"---AND BELIEVE ME, WHAT I SAW--- WASN'T PRETTY!"
THERE'S NO MORE TALK ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS PROJECT FOUR--- BUT THE SUBJECT NEVER LEAVES MATT'S INQUISITIVE MIND, AND SO THE FOLLOWING MORNING FINDS HIM RUNNING THROUGH DOWNTOWN S.F.---
---HEADED TOWARD A DESTINATION THAT WILL NEVER BE REACHED!


THIS IS HOW IT BEGINS: AS SUDDENLY AS A RIFLE SHOT, A SURGE OF INEXPLICABLE FEAR COURSES THROUGH MATT'S ARCED BODY---
--AND WITH THAT FEAR, ALL THOUGHTS OF CONTACTING A FRIEND ON THE STAFF OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE SEEM TO DISSOLVE INTO DARKNESS-- ABRUPTLY BURIED UNDER A GRIM SENSATION OF CHOKING---
A SENSATION THAT BUILDS AS HE SPINS HELPLESSLY AT THE END OF HIS BILLY CLUB WIRE!
TRYING DESPERATELY TO REGAIN CONTROL, MATT FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO THINK--- AND BECOMES INCREASINGLY AWARE OF THE TERROR CLUTCHING AT HIS HEART---
--- A FRIGHT UNLIKE ANY HE'S EVER FELT BEFORE--- A FEAR WITHOUT CAUSE---A HORROR WITHOUT REASON!
HIS ARMS SNAP TAUT--- HE LETS HIS MOMENTUM CARRY HIM DOWNWARD, TOWARD THE NEAREST BUILDING--
---AND THERE, SENSING THAT HIS GRIP IS WEAKENING, HE PITCHES FORWARD---!
A WINDOW LOOMS BEFORE HIM, AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT---
---A WINDOW SHATTERS!
IT ALL HAPPENS QUICKLY. HEARTBEAT--- TWO--- AND IT'S DONE.
KRASH!
11

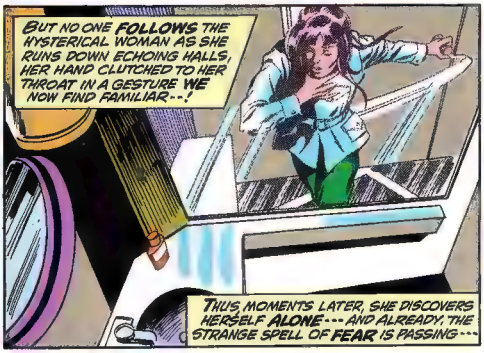
HE SHIVERS FROM THE MEMORY, AND THEN RISES WITH A SIGH-- AND STOPS AS CARSON MOVES TO HALT HIM---
WHOA, OLD BUDDY. YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING---
--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.
PAUL, WHAT--?
THE SMALL MATTER OF A BROKEN WINDOW, REMEMBER?
I REALLY HATE TO DO THIS, PAUL. YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND---
--BUT I CAN'T LET YOU KEEP ME HERE.
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME --- MY WAY.
SORRY, OLD BUDDY! THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT GOES!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE MANAGED TO ESCAPE, DD.
GUESS YOU JUST OVERPOWERED ME!
ONE FAVOR: BE CAREFUL. I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE IN TROUBLE---
---MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU KNOW.
THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AND ADVICE, LIEUTENANT.
I'LL TRY TO KEEP MY NOSE CLEAN.
NOT TOO HARD -- BUT I'LL TRY.
IN A WAY, IT'S ALMOST WORTH A SWOLLEN JAW TO SEE DD BACK ON HIS FEET---
YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIRE A MAN LIKE THAT--- A GUY WHO DOES WHAT HE HAS TO, NO MATTER WHAT!
CARSON, WHAT HAPPENED IN HERE?
NOTHING, COMMISSIONER--- NOTHING AT ALL.
WHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA---
I'M NOT SURE, YOUNG WOMAN--- THERE IS A CERTAIN FRESHNESS TO THE STYLE--- BUT, STILL---
PERHAPS THESE OTHERS?
13


NO, THOSE WILL HARDLY DO AT ALL.
I'M SORRY TO BE SUCH A NIT, MY DEAR--
--BUT OURS IS THE MOST RESPECTED FASHION MAGAZINE IN THE THE WORLD, YOU KNOW.
I'M AWARE OF THAT, MISS GREY.
---IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS I CAME TO YOU FIRST:
WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU STUDIED?
AT THE BELSHIVOI ART INSTITUTE--- IN MOSCOW.

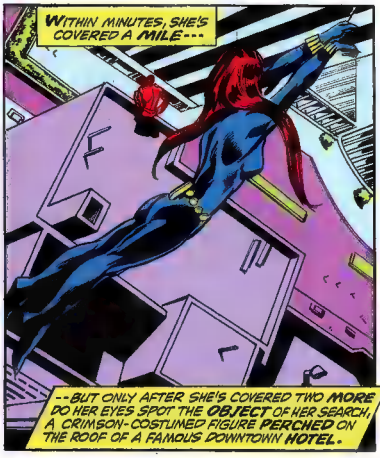
PURSING HER LIPS, THE ANGULAR MISS GREY RESUMES HER STUDY OF NATASHA'S ARTWORK---AND SO SHE DOESN'T SEE NATASHA'S EYES GO WIDE---
--OR HEAR THE BLACK WIDOW TAKE A SUDDEN, FRIGHTENED BREATH--!

NO, SHE ONLY BECOMES AWARE OF NATASHA'S DISTRESS--- WHEN THE WIDOW BEGINS TO SCREAM!
EEEEEEEE
AND EVEN THEN, HER ONLY REACTION IS A DISAPPROVING FROWN---AND A CASUAL SNIFF OF ANNOYANCE.

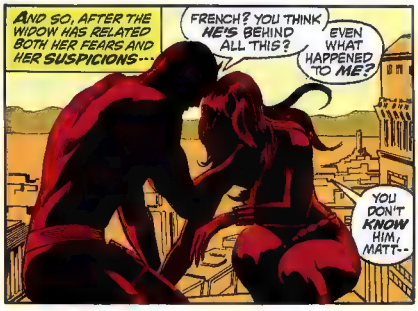
HEADS TURN AS NATASHA PASSES---
EYEBROWS RAISE IN CONFUSED SURPRISE---


BUT NO ONE FOLLOWS THE HYSTERICAL WOMAN AS SHE RUNS DOWN ECHOING HALLS, HER HAND CLUTCHED TO HER THROAT IN A GESTURE WE NOW FIND FAMILIAR--!
THUS, MOMENTS LATER, SHE DISCOVERS HERSELF ALONE---AND ALREADY, THE STRANGE SPELL OF FEAR IS PASSING---

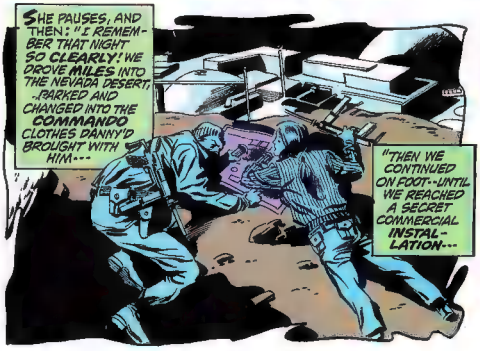
---NEEDING ONLY A HANDFUL OF COLD WATER TO BRING IT TO A CLOSE.
SOMEONE--- SOMEONE DID THIS TO ME---
IT'S EITHER THAT--- OR I'M GOING INSANE!

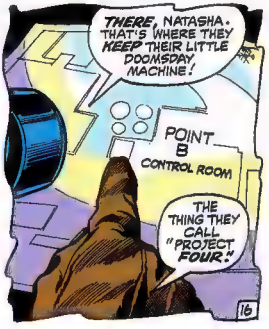

WITHIN MINUTES, SHE'S COVERED A MILE---
--BUT ONLY AFTER SHE'S COVERED TWO MORE DO HER EYES SPOT THE OBJECT OF HER SEARCH, A CRIMSON-COSTUMED FIGURE PERCHED ON THE ROOF OF A FAMOUS DOWNTOWN HOTEL.

"THK"
HELLO, NATASHA!
I'D KNOW THAT FOOTSTEP ANYWHERE! SO WHAT'S WRONG, HONEY?
--AS IF I COULDN'T GUESS.


AND SO, AFTER THE WIDOW HAS RELATED BOTH HER FEARS AND HER SUSPICIONS---
FRENCH? YOU THINK HE'S BEHIND ALL THIS?
EVEN WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?
YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, MATT--

-- SOMEHOW, HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT YOU!
--NOW, HE'S TRYING TO CLEAR THE FIELD--- FOR HIM AND ME.
--AND MATT, HE DOES HAVE THE POWER---
--THE POWER OF PROJECT FOUR!


SHE PAUSES, AND THEN: "I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT SO CLEARLY! WE DROVE MILES INTO THE NEVADA DESERT, --PARKED AND CHANGED INTO THE COMMANDO CLOTHES DANNY'D BROUGHT WITH HIM---
"THEN WE CONTINUED ON FOOT--UNTIL WE REACHED A SECRET COMMERCIAL INSTALLATION--


THERE, NATASHA. THAT'S WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR LITTLE DOOMSDAY MACHINE!
POINT B CONTROL ROOM
THE THING THEY CALL "PROJECT FOUR."

"I STARED AT THE MAP IN WONDER--I'D NEVER COME SO CLOSE TO ACTUAL ESPIONAGE BEFORE--
"--HE TRIED TO KISS ME, THEN--
"--I HAD TO PUSH HIM AWAY.
DON'T-- DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN!
DON'T EVER TOUCH ME!
SURE, SISTER. SOME OTHER TIME--ANOTHER PLACE.
"HE WAS STILL LAUGHING WHEN WE HEARD THE SOUND--A SUDDEN FOOT-STEP--
SNAP!
BLAST IT! THE GUARD--!
"DANNY SWUNG THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM IN A CUTTING ARC--THE LIGHT STRUCK THE MAN FULL IN THE FACE, BLINDING HIM--
"HE WAS A TALL MAN, BEEFY! I NOTICED THAT HIS UNIFORM WAS NOT THAT OF YOUR GOVERN-MENT--
"--AND THEN I ATTACKED!
BTCK!
"I WAS IN A RAGE OVER DANNY'S CASUAL TREAT-MENT OF ME--I'M AFRAID I WASN'T GENTLE--
MRRPPHMP!

SLUMP!

KRUNCH!

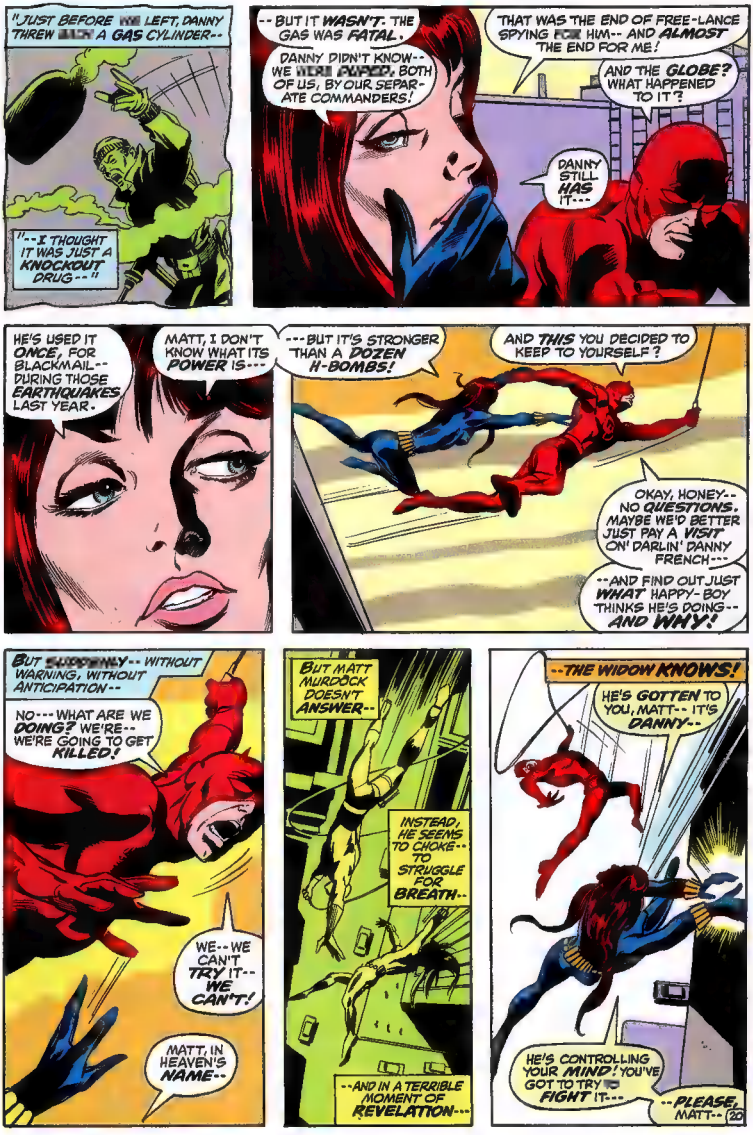
"NEEDLESS TO SAY, MISTER FRENCH WAS SOMEWHAT TAKEN ABACK BY THE GUSTO OF MY PERFORMANCE--
LORD, NATASHA!
UN--WE'D BETTER --GET MOVING, DON'T YOU THINK?

"THERE WERE SEVERAL FENCES TO CROSS, AND YET ANOTHER GUARD TO DISPOSE OF...
"THE FENCES WERE ELECTRIFIED--- THE GUARD WAS UNWARY.

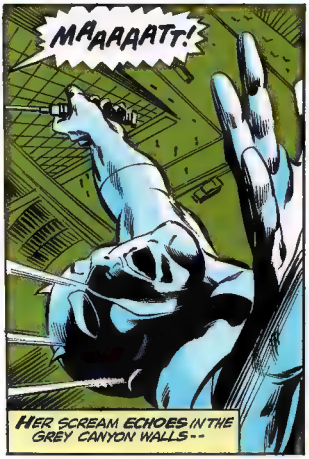
HE'S DOWN, DANNY! HOW LONG WILL THE GAS HOLD HIM?
LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO TAKE A QUICK TRIP INSIDE, DEAR LADY!
BUT RIGHT NOW, PERHAPS WE'D BETTER BACK OFF--

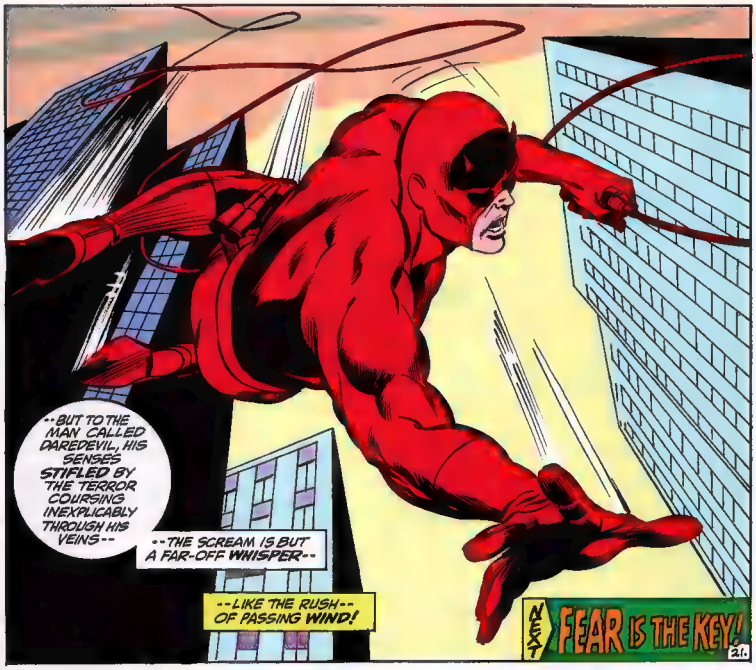
--AND LET THAT HANDY RUSSIAN FENCE-REMOVER DO ITS TIDY LITTLE WORK!

"THE GUARD WAS ALMOST SILENT--
MRRRF!
"--AT LEAST, THE SLEEPING GUARD DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND!


"JUST BEFORE HE LEFT, DANNY THREW BACK A GAS CYLINDER--
"--I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A KNOCKOUT DRUG--"
--BUT IT WASN'T. THE GAS WAS FATAL.
DANNY DIDN'T KNOW-- WE WERE DUPED, BOTH OF US, BY OUR SEPARATE COMMANDERS!
THAT WAS THE END OF FREE-LANCE SPYING FOR HIM-- AND ALMOST THE END FOR ME!
AND THE GLOBE? WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
DANNY STILL HAS IT--
HE'S USED IT ONCE, FOR BLACKMAIL-- DURING THOSE EARTHQUAKES LAST YEAR.
MATT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT ITS POWER IS---
---BUT IT'S STRONGER THAN A DOZEN H-BOMBS!
AND THIS YOU DECIDED TO KEEP TO YOURSELF?
OKAY, HONEY-- NO QUESTIONS. MAYBE WE'D BETTER JUST PAY A VISIT ON' DARLIN' DANNY FRENCH---
--AND FIND OUT JUST WHAT HAPPY-BOY THINKS HE'S DOING-- AND WHY!
BUT SUDDENLY-- WITHOUT WARNING, WITHOUT ANTICIPATION--
NO--- WHAT ARE WE DOING? WE'RE-- WE'RE GOING TO GET KILLED!
WE-- WE CAN'T TRY IT-- WE CAN'T!
MATT, IN HEAVEN'S NAME--
BUT MATT MURDOCK DOESN'T ANSWER--
INSTEAD, HE SEEMS TO CHOKE-- TO STRUGGLE FOR BREATH--
--AND IN A TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REVELATION---
--THE WIDOW KNOWS!
HE'S GOTTEN TO YOU, MATT-- IT'S DANNY--
HE'S CONTROLLING YOUR MIND! YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO FIGHT IT---
--PLEASE, MATT--
20

PLEASE!
IT'S NO USE-- HE CAN'T EVEN HEAR ME---
--AND NOW I CAN'T-- CAN'T MOVE--! EVERYTHING'S SO FAR AWAY-- SO DISTANT!


MAAAAATT!
HER SCREAM ECHOES IN THE GREY CANYON WALLS--

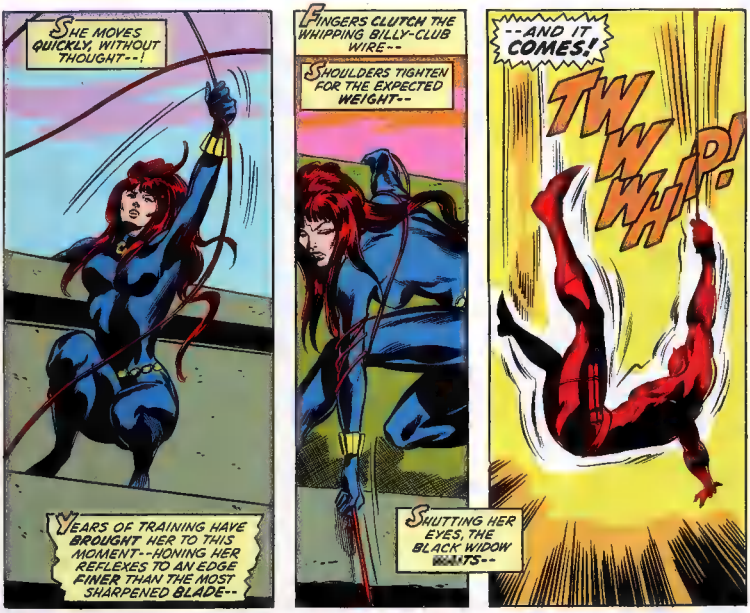

--BUT TO THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL, HIS SENSES STIFLED BY THE TERROR COURSING INEXPLICABLY THROUGH HIS VEINS--
--THE SCREAM IS BUT A FAR-OFF WHISPER--
--LIKE THE RUSH-- OF PASSING WIND!
NEXT FEAR IS THE KEY!

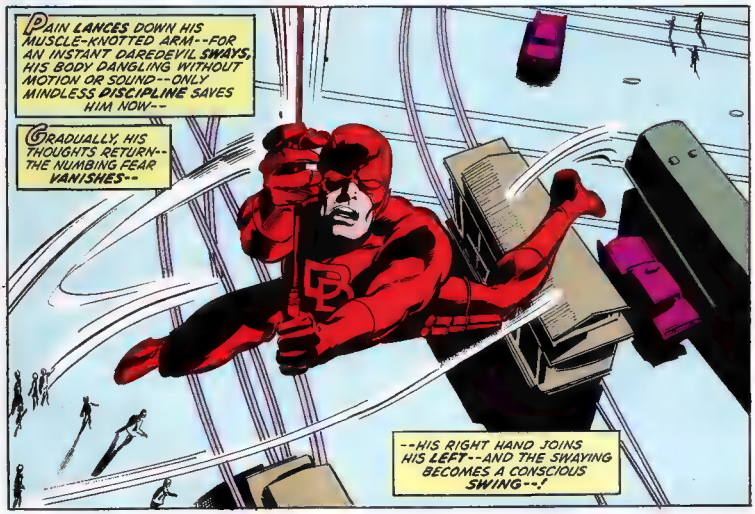
DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

STAN LEE PRESENTS: A GERRY CONWAY / GENE COLAN SAN FRANCISCIAN FANTASY! TOM PALMER, INKER ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

FEAR IS THE KEY!

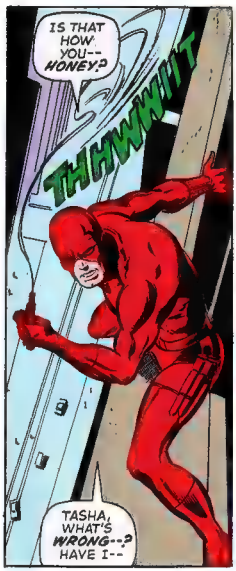
ONE MOMENT, HE'S DIVING--HIS BODY ARCING AT THE END OF A SNAPPED-TAUT BILLY CLUB WIRE--
--THE NEXT, SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THIS MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR--
--SOMETHING ATTACKS HIM FROM WITHIN--
--AN ICY SWORD SHOVED TWISTING INTO HIS GUT--BLINDING TERROR CUTTING THROUGH THE LAYERS OF HIS BRAIN--AND WITH ONE CHOKING SCREAM--
--HE FALLS!
MATT! NOOOOOOOOO!

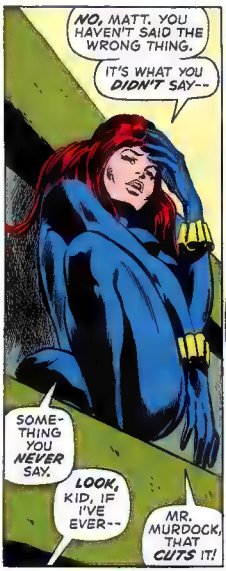

She moves quickly, without thought--!
Years of training have brought her to this moment--honing her reflexes to an edge finer than the most sharpened blade--
Fingers clutch the whipping billy-club wire--
Shoulders tighten for the expected weight--
Shutting her eyes, the Black Widow [illegible]ts--
--and it comes!
TWWHIP!

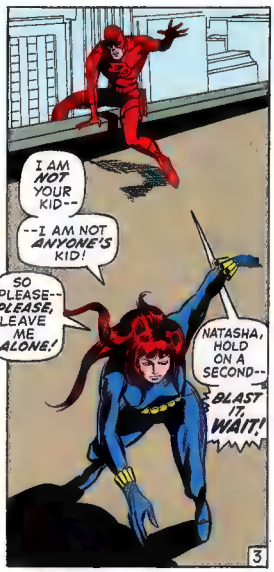

Pain lances down his muscle-knotted arm--for an instant Daredevil sways, his body dangling without motion or sound--only mindless discipline saves him now--
Gradually, his thoughts return--the numbing fear vanishes--
--his right hand joins his left--and the swaying becomes a conscious swing--!

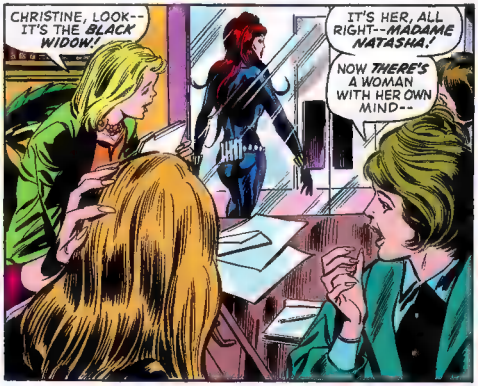
MATT--OH, MATT--
DON'T LET GO--IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, DON'T LET GO!

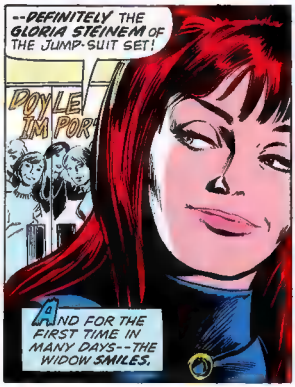
AND OVER ACHING HAND, THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL REGAINS HIS LOST FOOTING--YET EVEN AS HE DOES, HIS MIND WHIRLS IN WONDER AND CONFUSION--
WHAT DID THAT TO ME BACK THERE, NATASHA?
IT WAS AS THOUGH SOMEBODY'D CLAMPED STEEL GLOVES AROUND MY HEART--
--I COULD HARDLY BREATHE!

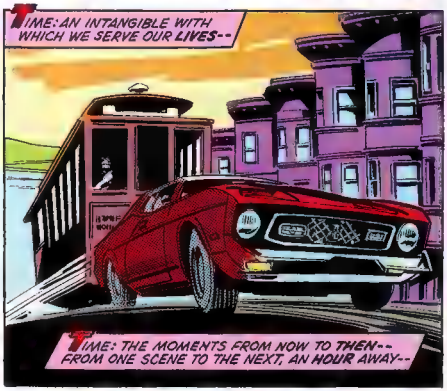

IS THAT HOW YOU-- HONEY?
THWHIT
TASHA, WHAT'S WRONG--? HAVE I--

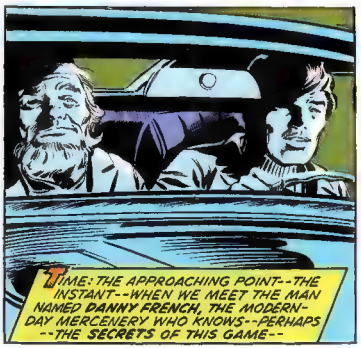

NO, MATT. YOU HAVEN'T SAID THE WRONG THING.
IT'S WHAT YOU DIDN'T SAY--
SOMETHING YOU NEVER SAY.
LOOK, KID, IF I'VE EVER--
MR. MURDOCK, THAT CUTS IT!

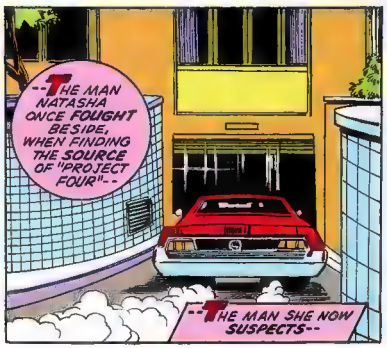

I AM NOT YOUR KID--
--I AM NOT ANYONE'S KID!
SO PLEASE--PLEASE, LEAVE ME ALONE!
NATASHA, HOLD ON A SECOND--
BLAST IT! WAIT!
3

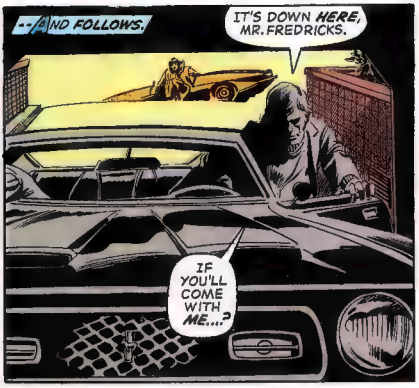

CHRISTINE, LOOK--IT'S THE BLACK WIDOW!
IT'S HER, ALL RIGHT--MADAME NATASHA!
NOW THERE'S A WOMAN WITH HER OWN MIND--


--DEFINITELY THE GLORIA STEINEM OF THE JUMP-SUIT SET!
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY DAYS--THE WIDOW SMILES.


TIME: AN INTANGIBLE WITH WHICH WE SERVE OUR LIVES--
TIME: THE MOMENTS FROM NOW TO THEN--FROM ONE SCENE TO THE NEXT, AN HOUR AWAY--


TIME: THE APPROACHING POINT--THE INSTANT--WHEN WE MEET THE MAN NAMED DANNY FRENCH, THE MODERN-DAY MERCENERY WHO KNOWS--PERHAPS --THE SECRETS OF THIS GAME--

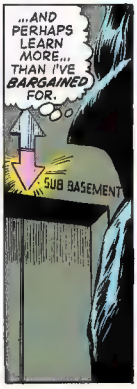

--THE MAN NATASHA ONCE FOUGHT BESIDE, WHEN FINDING THE SOURCE OF "PROJECT FOUR"--
--THE MAN SHE NOW SUSPECTS--

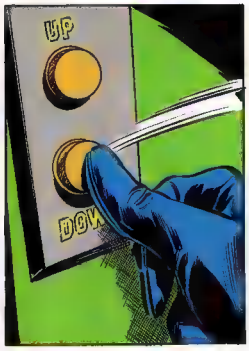

--AND FOLLOWS.
IT'S DOWN HERE, MR. FREDRICKS.
IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME...?

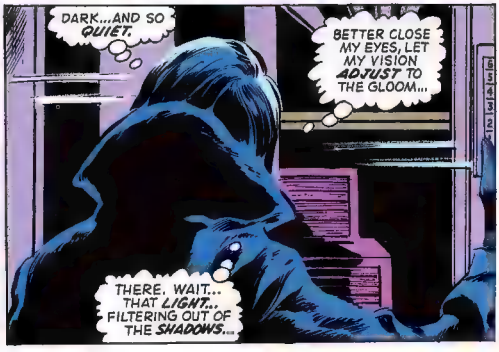
DANNY... AND THE STRANGE OLD MAN FROM "THE TWO HORSES"*
MY HUNCH SEEMS TO HAVE PAID OFF, AFTER ALL...
*WHOM WE MET IN ISSUE #88.--STAN.

...THOUGH I STILL CAN'T BE SURE DANNY'S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO MATT AND ME.
THOSE BOUTS OF PARALYZING FEAR... INCREDIBLE TERROR...

SECTION 2
COULD DANNY, EVEN WITH THE AID OF PROJECT FOUR, EVER AFFECT US SO RADICALLY...?
HMMM. LOOKS LIKE I'M ABOUT TO FIND OUT...


...AND PERHAPS LEARN MORE... THAN I'VE BARGAINED FOR.
SUB BASEMENT

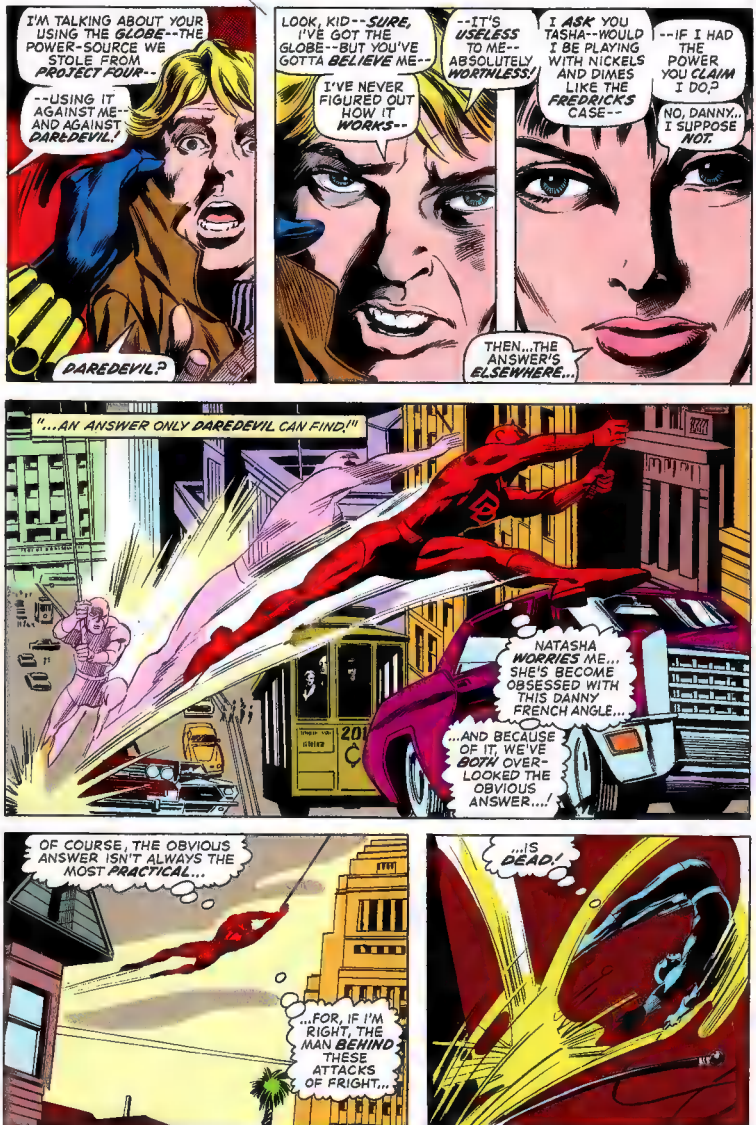

UP
DOWN

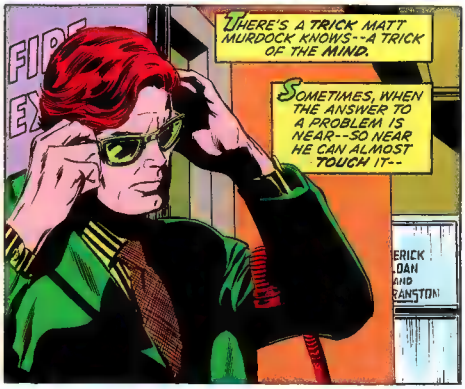

DARK...AND SO QUIET.
BETTER CLOSE MY EYES, LET MY VISION ADJUST TO THE GLOOM...
THERE. WAIT... THAT LIGHT... FILTERING OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

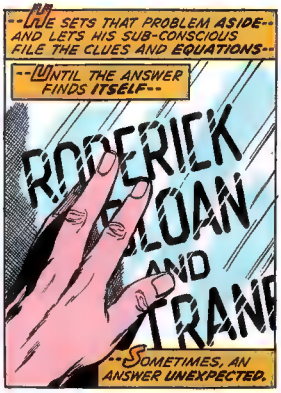
ATTRACTED BY GREY LIGHT AND THE SOFT MURMUR OF VOICES, THE BLACK WIDOW MOVES FORWARD, HER PROGRESS CAT-LIKE, HER MIND CHURNING WITH HALF-REALIZED FEARS...
IS THIS ALL PART OF DANNY'S BLACKMAIL THREAT AGAINST HER--?
OR--IS THERE ANOTHER GAME AFOOT?
A GAME --WITH THE BLACK WIDOW'S LIFE AS THE WINNER'S PRIZE!
THERE Y'GO MR. FREDRICKS--JUST LIKE I PROMISED.
I THINK YOU'LL AGREE IT'S WORTH THE PRICE--
--WHICH I ASSUME YOU'VE GOT WITH YOU--RIGHT?
THE FULL AMOUNT, MR. FRENCH... PLUS A BONUS FOR YOUR PROMPT DELIVERY, I MIGHT ADD...!
NOW, DANNY--ISN'T THAT SWEET?
FRENCH--WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
--THEY PAY EXTRA FOR TRAITORS THESE DAYS!
GO AHEAD, DANNY--EXPLAIN TO YOUR FRIEND.
TELL HIM ALL ABOUT THE PROJECT --AND THE PRICE YOU'VE JUST SOLD!
LADY, I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU--
YOU'VE BEEN BUGGIN' ME ABOUT THAT PROJECT FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS--
--FOLLOWING ME AROUND TOWN LIKE I'M SOME SORT OF CRIMINAL--
--MOUTHING OFF LIKE YOU'VE FLIPPED YOUR BLASTED LID--
--SISTER, I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

DANNY, YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART-- I MEAN THAT.
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE PUT ME THROUGH, IT MUST REALLY HURT YOU TO HAVE TO SAY ALL THAT--
--BUT IT ISN'T GOING TO HURT ONE HALF SO MUCH AS-- THIS!
FRAK!
Y-YOU'RE CRAZY-- YOU'RE REALLY CRAZY!
IF BY THAT YOU MEAN MAD--
--YOU BET I AM, MISTER FRENCH--
--AND THIS TIME, NOT ANY OF YOUR TRICKS--
WHAP!
--CAN SAVE YOU!
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR FRIEND HAS TO SAY--
--ABOUT A CERTAIN STOLEN ENERGY GLOBE.
NATASHA, YOU FOOL-- HE'S NOT--
UMMPPHH!

YOUR MISTER FRENCH IS QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR.
I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST NOTION AS TO WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT--
--AND FRANKLY, I HARDLY CARE.
PLEASE STEP ASIDE.
NOT JUST YET, OLD MAN.
FIRST--LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BOX!
WATCH OUT--NNNNNNNH!
BOT!
CLANNG!
PAPERS,? DANNY--ONLY PAPERS,?
IT'S LIKE I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, SISTER,
FREDRICKS KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE GLOBE--UNTIL YOU OPENED YOUR TRAP.
HE'S A CLIENT. I JUST SAVED HIS SKIN FROM A NASTY BLACKMAILER.
AND, AFTER FREDRICKS HAS PAID HIS FEE AND GONE HIS WAY...
YOU RESCUED HIM, DANNY,? I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT...
SIS, HE'LL NEVER KNOW IT--BUT HIS BLACKMAILER AND SAVIOR--WERE ONE.
THEN YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED, MR. FRENCH.
FOR ONE MOMENT, I THOUGHT YOU HAD--BUT NOT NOW.
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THINGS, DANNY--
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, TASHA,?

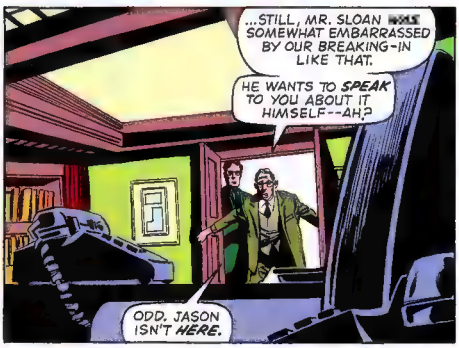

I'M TALKING ABOUT YOUR USING THE GLOBE--THE POWER-SOURCE WE STOLE FROM PROJECT FOUR--
--USING IT AGAINST ME--AND AGAINST DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL?
LOOK, KID--SURE, I'VE GOT THE GLOBE--BUT YOU'VE GOTTA BELIEVE ME--
I'VE NEVER FIGURED OUT HOW IT WORKS--
--IT'S USELESS TO ME--ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS!
I ASK YOU TASHA--WOULD I BE PLAYING WITH NICKELS AND DIMES LIKE THE FREDRICK'S CASE--
--IF I HAD THE POWER YOU CLAIM I DO,?
NO, DANNY... I SUPPOSE NOT.
THEN...THE ANSWER'S ELSEWHERE...
"...AN ANSWER ONLY DAREDEVIL CAN FIND!"
NATASHA WORRIES ME... SHE'S BECOME OBSESSED WITH THIS DANNY FRENCH ANGLE...
...AND BECAUSE OF IT, WE'VE BOTH OVER-LOOKED THE OBVIOUS ANSWER...!
OF COURSE, THE OBVIOUS ANSWER ISN'T ALWAYS THE MOST PRACTICAL...
...FOR, IF I'M RIGHT, THE MAN BEHIND THESE ATTACKS OF FRIGHT...
...IS DEAD!


THERE'S A TRICK MATT MURDOCK KNOWS--A TRICK OF THE MIND.
SOMETIMES, WHEN THE ANSWER TO A PROBLEM IS NEAR--SO NEAR HE CAN ALMOST TOUCH IT--

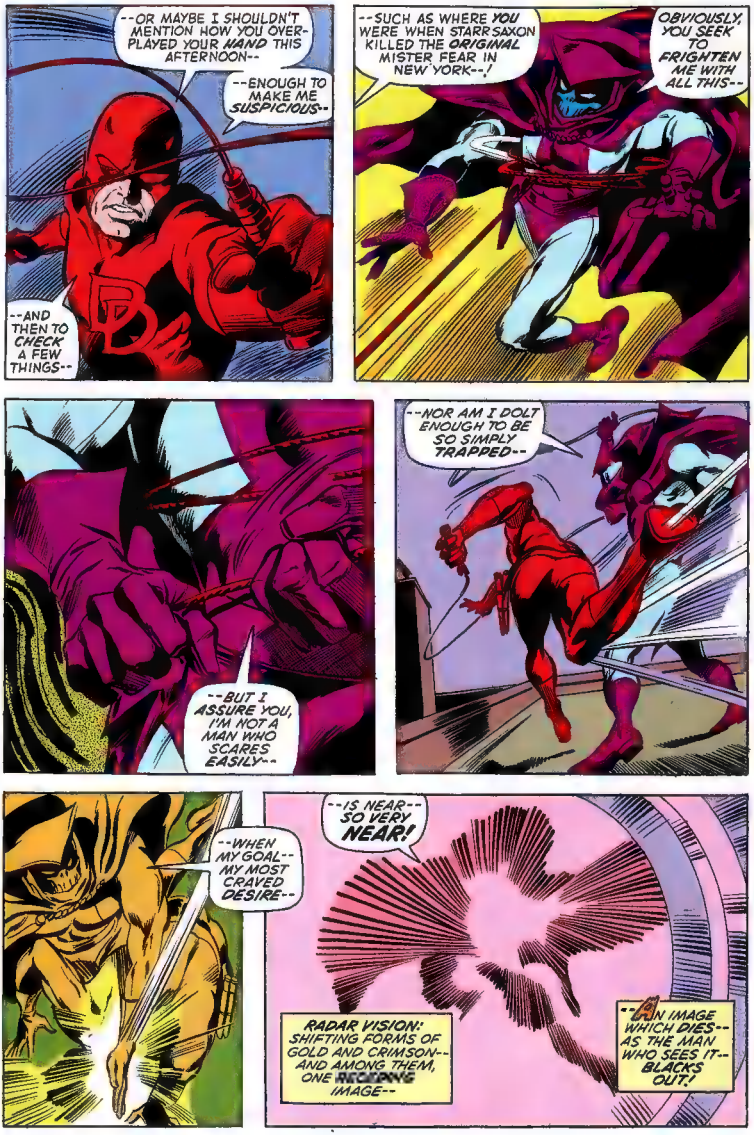

--HE SETS THAT PROBLEM ASIDE--AND LET'S HIS SUB-CONSCIOUS FILE THE CLUES AND EQUATIONS--
--UNTIL THE ANSWER FINDS ITSELF--
--SOMETIMES, AN ANSWER UNEXPECTED.

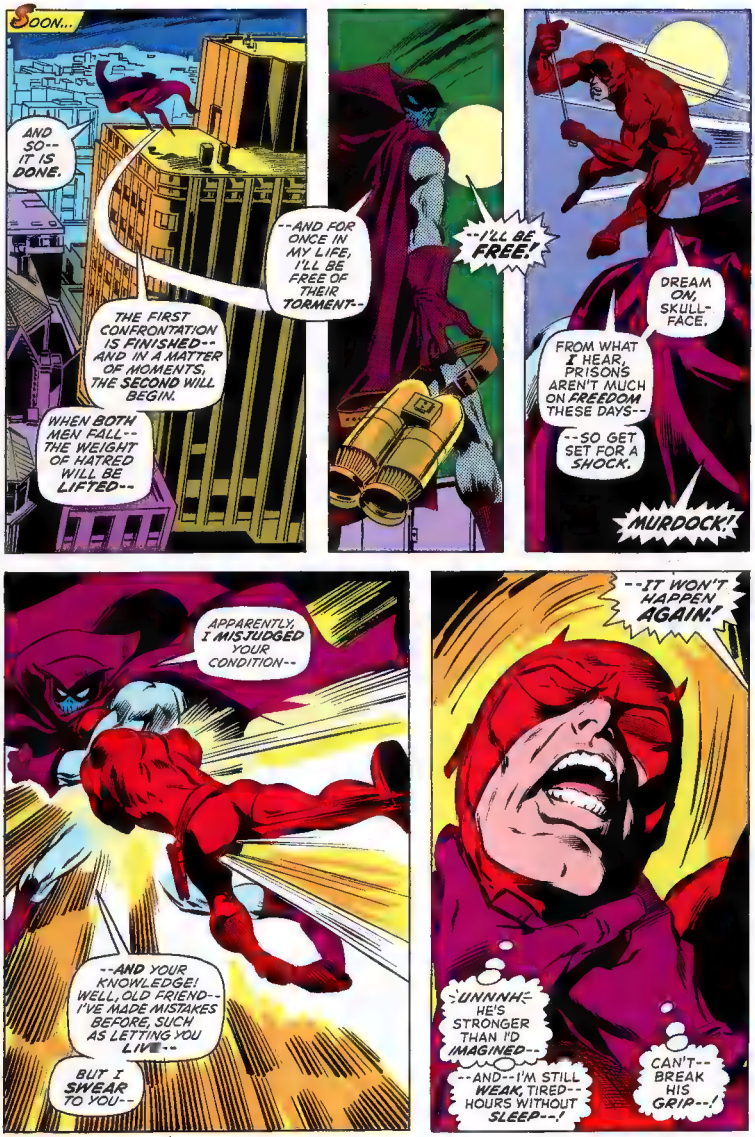
MR. MURDOCK! MR. CRANSTON'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
GO RIGHT ON IN.
THANKS. I'LL DO THAT.

AH, MATT--GOOD TO--AH--SEE YOU AGAIN.
AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT--
FORGET IT, LARRY.
WHAT'S ONE INTRUSION BETWEEN OLD LAW-SCHOOL CLASS-MATES?
AH... AH, YES...

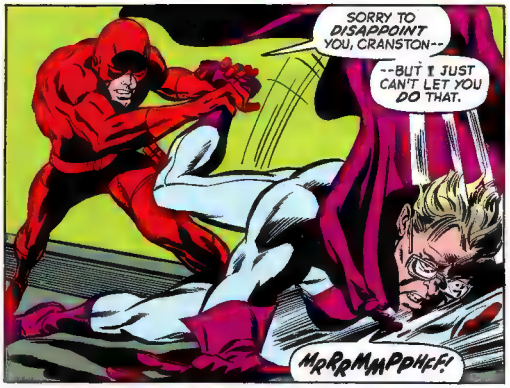

...STILL, MR. SLOAN WAS SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED BY OUR BREAKING-IN LIKE THAT.
HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT IT HIMSELF--AH,?
ODD. JASON ISN'T HERE.

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, CRANSTON...
JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A CIGAR. YOU UNDERSTAND, EH, MURDOCK?

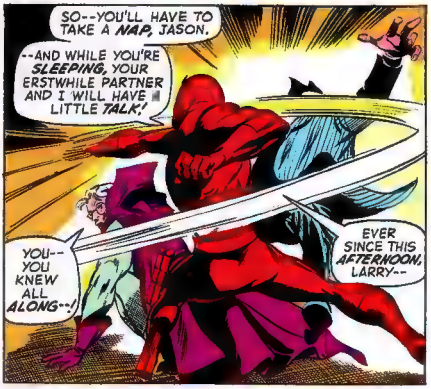

--OR MAYBE I SHOULDN'T MENTION HOW YOU OVER-PLAYED YOUR HAND THIS AFTERNOON--
--ENOUGH TO MAKE ME SUSPICIOUS--
--AND THEN TO CHECK A FEW THINGS--
--SUCH AS WHERE YOU WERE WHEN STARR SAXON KILLED THE ORIGINAL MISTER FEAR IN NEW YORK--!
OBVIOUSLY, YOU SEEK TO FRIGHTEN ME WITH ALL THIS--
--BUT I ASSURE YOU, I'M NOT A MAN WHO SCARES EASILY--
--NOR AM I DOLT ENOUGH TO BE SO SIMPLY TRAPPED--
--WHEN MY GOAL--MY MOST CRAVED DESIRE--
--IS NEAR--SO VERY NEAR!
RADAR VISION: SHIFTING FORMS OF GOLD AND CRIMSON--AND AMONG THEM, ONE RECURRING IMAGE--
--AN IMAGE WHICH DIES--AS THE MAN WHO SEES IT--BLACKS OUT!

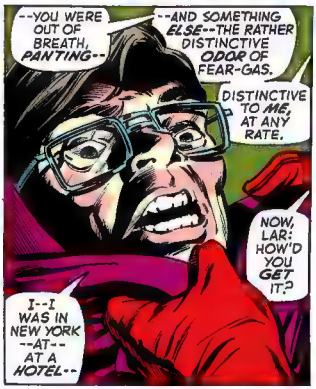

SOON...
AND SO-- IT IS DONE.
THE FIRST CONFRONTATION IS FINISHED-- AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE SECOND WILL BEGIN.
WHEN BOTH MEN FALL-- THE WEIGHT OF HATRED WILL BE LIFTED--
--AND FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, I'LL BE FREE OF THEIR TORMENT--
--I'LL BE FREE!
DREAM ON, SKULL-FACE.
FROM WHAT I HEAR, PRISONS AREN'T MUCH ON FREEDOM THESE DAYS--
--SO GET SET FOR A SHOCK.
MURDOCK!
APPARENTLY, I MISJUDGED YOUR CONDITION--
--AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE! WELL, OLD FRIEND-- I'VE MADE MISTAKES BEFORE, SUCH AS LETTING YOU LIVE--
BUT I SWEAR TO YOU--
--IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
-UNNNH- HE'S STRONGER THAN I'D IMAGINED--
--AND--I'M STILL WEAK, TIRED-- HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP--!
CAN'T-- BREAK HIS GRIP--!

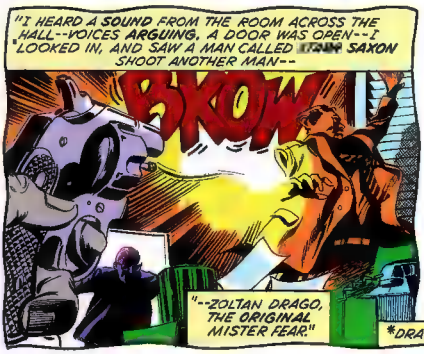
THEN, AS A DEEPER DARKNESS THAN THE ONE HE'S LIVED WITH FOR HALF HIS LIFE BEGINS TO FLOOD THE MIND OF THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL--
--DESTINY INTERVENES--IN THE FORM OF AN OPENING DOOR--
WHAT--? NO--- NOT YET, NOT NOW--!
--AND THE SUDDEN SWIPE OF A GRASPING HAND!
WHAT'S WRONG, LARRY? AFRAID SLOAN WILL SEE YOU--
--AND REALIZE--YOU'RE MISTER FEAR--
CRANSTON? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MAN--WHAT IS ALL THIS?
THAT RIDICULOUS COSTUME--IF YOU'VE ASKED ME UP HERE TO PARTICIPATE IN SOME SORT OF JOKE--!
SLOAN--HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED YET? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
IT'S YOU I LOATHE--YOU, AND ALL YOUR FILTHY KIND!
THE GRANDSTANDERS--THE GLORY-SEEKERS--THE THIEVES WHO TAKE THE PRAISE WHILE I DO ALL THE WORK!
YOU WONDER WHY I ASKED YOU HERE? TO KILL YOU, SLOAN--
--TO SEE YOU DEAD!

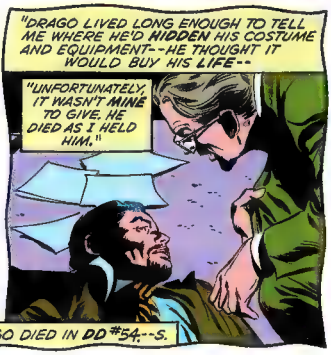

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, CRANSTON--
--BUT I JUST CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.
MRRMMPPHF!

HMMM. BAD MOVE, MATTHEW--ANOTHER MOMENT, AND LARRY WILL SPILL THE BEANS--
--AND YOUR SECRET IDENTITY IS DOOM!


SO--YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A NAP, JASON.
--AND WHILE YOU'RE SLEEPING, YOUR ERSTWHILE PARTNER AND I WILL HAVE A LITTLE TALK!
YOU--YOU KNEW ALL ALONG--!
EVER SINCE THIS AFTERNOON, LARRY--


--YOU WERE OUT OF BREATH, PANTING--
--AND SOMETHING ELSE--THE RATHER DISTINCTIVE ODOR OF FEAR-GAS.
DISTINCTIVE TO ME, AT ANY RATE.
NOW, LAR: HOW'D YOU GET IT?
I--I WAS IN NEW YORK --AT-- AT A HOTEL--

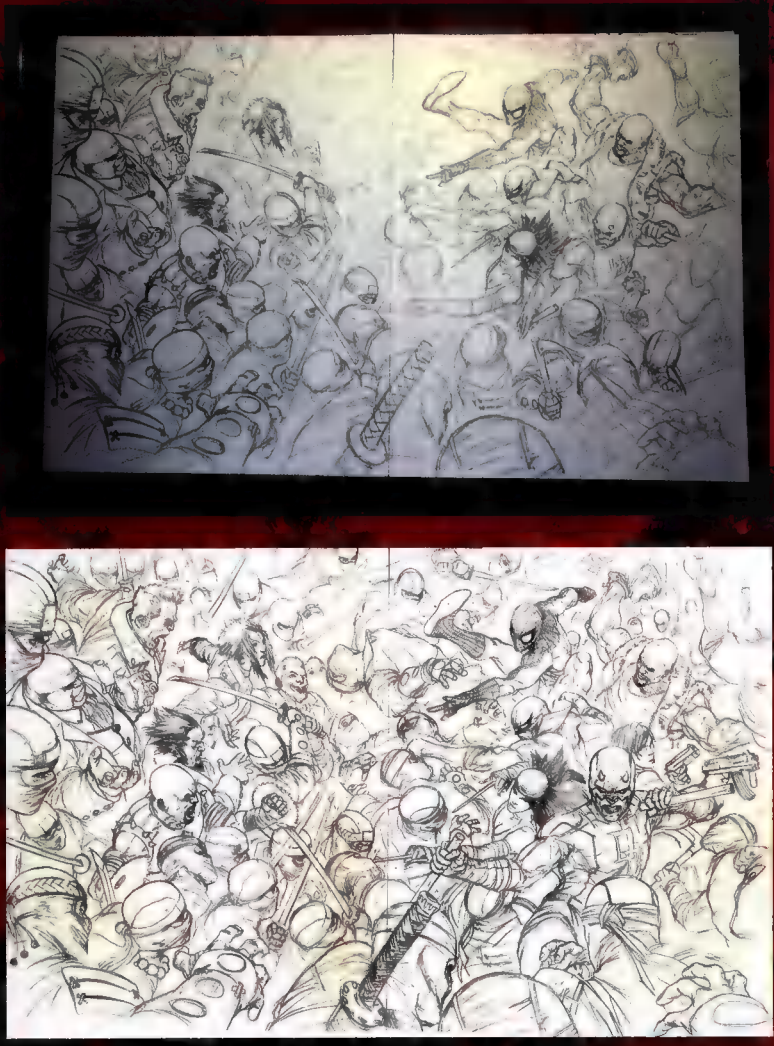

"I HEARD A SOUND FROM THE ROOM ACROSS THE HALL--VOICES ARGUING. A DOOR WAS OPEN--I LOOKED IN, AND SAW A MAN CALLED [illegible] SAXON SHOOT ANOTHER MAN--
BKOW
"--ZOLTAN DRAGO, THE ORIGINAL MISTER FEAR."


"DRAGO LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHERE HE'D HIDDEN HIS COSTUME AND EQUIPMENT--HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BUY HIS LIFE--
"UNFORTUNATELY, IT WASN'T MINE TO GIVE. HE DIED AS I HELD HIM."
*DRAGO DIED IN DD #54.--S.

BUT WHY DID YOU DO ALL THIS, LARRY?
WHEN MATT MURDOCK MOVED TO SAN FRANCISCO WITH MADAME NATASHA--AND DAREDEVIL WITH THE BLACK WIDOW--
AND HOW DID YOU KNOW--
IT WASN'T HARD.
AND--I'VE ALWAYS DESPISED YOU, MURDOCK.
IN SCHOOL, IT WAS ALWAYS--MURDOCK THIS, MURDOCK THAT--
--AND I TELL YOU, I'D HAD ENOUGH!
KRAK!
I'LL BE BACK, MY FRIEND--
--AND WHEN I RETURN, I WILL DESTROY YOU!
LARRY, WAIT--YOUR JETS, MAN--YOU DON'T HAVE--
--YOUR JETS.
AAHHAGG,
AND WHEN IT IS OVER, HE STANDS--LISTENING--BUT THERE'S NO SOUND. THERE'S ONLY THE ECHO--OF LARRY CRANSTON'S SCREAM.
HOURS PASS...LONG HOURS OF AIMLESS WANDERING, UNTIL...
IVAN...? THIS IS MATT.
DON'T ASK ME WHERE I'VE BEEN. I CAN'T TELL YOU...I'M NOT REALLY SURE.
COULD YOU PUT TASHA ON? I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HER--
SORRY, MURDOCK--THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THROUGH TO YOU.
THE KID'S GONE! AND THIS TIME, PAL, I'VE GOT A FEELING SHE'S SPLIT--FOR GOOD.
NEXT: MANHUNT!

Variant cover by Leo Bermejo

Wraparound cover by Marko Djurdjevic



PAGE EIGHT

1—Two uniformed beat cops are on the street nearby, heading down to where the cars are stopped. Cop1 is smiling, Cop2 is looking concerned.

COP1: What the hell? Is that really him?

COP2: He's in bad shape if it is...

2—Back with DD, where he just got hit by the car, he's staggering, looking shaky, holding out ■ hand to keep people away. The cars nearby have stopped, and the woman whose windshield he just smashed is getting out of her car, looking worried. Other people stand on the street watching. DD is in bad shape, starting to really lose it.

DD(woozy): ...get away... get away from me...

WOMAN: Oh my god! Are you okay? I didn't mean to –

3—DD yells at the woman, almost snarling, looking scary, and she cringes back, scared.

DD: Get away from me – now!

WOMAN: *Ahh!*

4—The two cops are closer now, Cop1 pulling out his handgun, smiling at his partner.

COP1: You ready for ■ promotion?

COP2: We should ... we should help him...

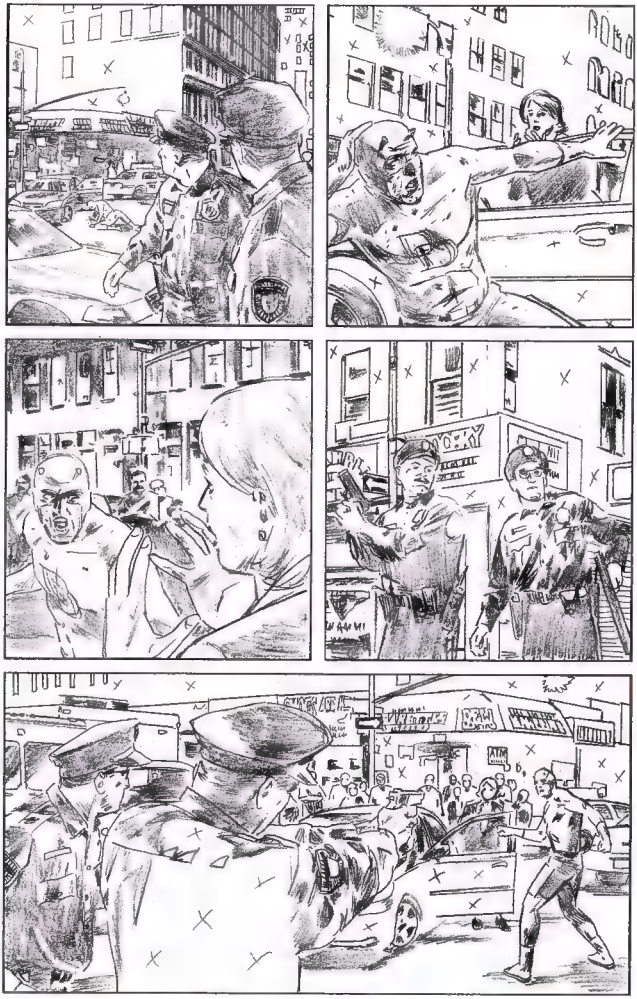
COP1: Screw that noise...

5—Full tier. Cop1 has drawn his gun and is yelling at DD to freeze, and his partner is pulling out his nightstick. DD is starting to turn to look back at them, still looking woozy. The woman is hiding behind the open driver's side door of her car, watching this. The people on the street are watching now, fully interested. Maybe more cars are stopped now, if you can show it.

COP1: Hey – Daredevil!

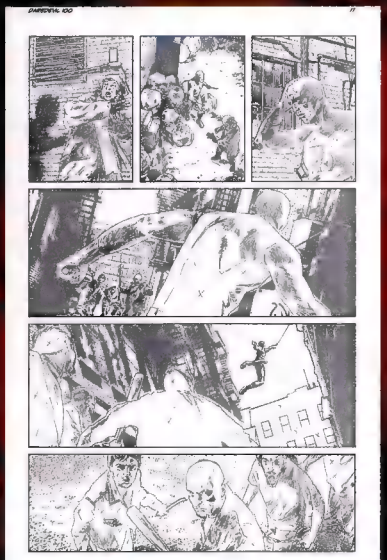
COP1: Keep those hands where we can see them!

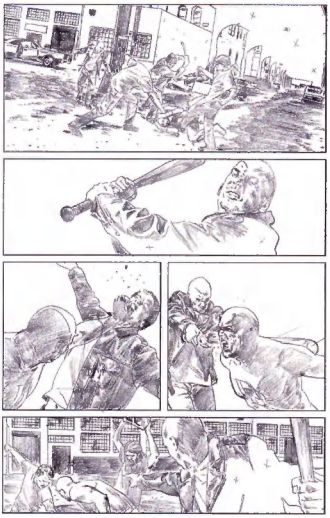
Pencils by Michael Lark



Colors by Matt Hollingsworth

Pencils and inks by Michael Lark and Stefano Gaudiano





Page 15-16 pencils by comics icon John Romita Sr.

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Page 27-29 uncolored art by Lee Bermejo